

148 [THE SOUL OF MAN,] *Noses TEIPSUM!*
[ʃɪp3^a^

O LIGHT ! (which makest the Light,-which
makest the Day ; Which settest the Eye
without, and Mind within) Lighten my
spirit, with one clear heavenly ray! Which
now to view itself, doth first begin.

For her true form, how can my Spark
discern ? Which dim by Nature, Art did
never clear; When the great wits, of
whom all skill we learn, . Are ignorant,
both What She is ! and Where!

One thinks the Soul is Air ! another,
Fire! Another, Blood diffused about
the heart! Another saith, the
Elements conspire, And to her
Essence, each doth give a part!

Musicians think our Souls are Harmonies!
Physicians hold that they
Complexions be I Epicures make
them Swarms of Atomies, Which do,
by change, into our bodies flee 1

Some think one General Soul fills every
brain, As the bright sun sheds light
in every star! Arid others think the
name of Soul is vain, And that We,
only Well-mixed Bodies are!

In judgement of her Substance, thus
they vary ; And thus they vary in
judgement of her Seat! For some,
her chair up to the Brain do carry !
Some thrust it down into the
Stomach's heat!

Some place it in the root of life, the Heart'
Some, in the Liver, fountain of the veins !
Some say, " She is all in all, and all in part!
'* Some say, " She is not contained, but all
contains! '*"

Thus these great Clerks their little wisdom
show, While with their doctrines, they at
hazard play; Tossing their light opinions
to and fro, To mock the lewd; as learned
in this, as they !